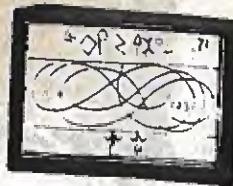


**PèRiSSiUm**  
..cantos..



# ОВАЈЕ ХАЈДЕГЕР И НАЦИЗАМ



Хајдегер (десно, наравно) и Аутштајн (1966): Довиђења!

**HEIL DEGGER**

# HEILDEGGER

Hector Redbaron of Princeton - flesh cut-out of R.J.X.P /guardian of the seventh pillar/profit margarine/mechanic -illumination/radical reality reconstructuralist/thinking and touching/divinal archetypical chaoboy.

David McLard - el jugete que llora.

Ojos Rojos.

Better than medicine

"El Hondo" Alejandro  
Superstitious Sels - a damn  
good chunk of this here  
publication. a hefty bite. a  
large serving.

Earns \$2,000 extra

No more layoffs

Reedy Jay Sun - something, somewhere

Support the Luv Bunnl Press troops.

Printed on 100% virgin paper although all the ideas, words,  
and images are fully recycled. Politically corrupt and  
morally retarded, full service available in rear.

We here at the Love Bunni Press Archives are proud and excited to present the lost chapters of Neal Willugs' epic triumph of modern research, The Illuminoids. Although this book was seen as a complete work, it has turned out that a few chapters were misplaced by Neal's cleaning lady the day the rest of the text went off to print. So, after a long, tenuous legal battle, the ruling of which we have since ignored, Love Bunni Press is overjoyed to present to you the first in a semi-long line of what we affectionately refer to as : "The Lost Chapters of The Illuminoids."

The Swing-out Cabal twisted this line of thinkings into a demented, coarse, and arrogant bastardization of Black Conspiracy. Anything outside what I have transcribed as fact shall be considered the lines of separation. Therefore, when Felix VanDernooven and Otto Slouiberries took on the matter of fate and attempted to mold it into a revenge devise, the time balance indicator (spoken of at great length in Tibetan Mythological Symbolism by G.G. Libby) was slightly upset enough to threaten the whole of the Wheeled Program set undeniably into motion, by the Lodge of the Dark Cloak, months previous. Factors and variables too complex to go into at any great length at this time, all had to be taken into full account before the Master took any steps at intervention. The decision to intervene was issued upon the waxing of the Blood Moon, 1934. Handed down from pontiffs to parish officials the scrolls of incantations and rites of action, finally fell into the hands of those willing to take the steps of necessary action - The Shadow Sect of Octi Phi, hence forth incorporated into the Glowing Lodge of the Gray Owl and the more elusive underground organization Society of Sneezus Crust/RIHE. The scrolls were translated and passed onto operatives working in and around Hollywood, Rome, and Frankfurt. Although it becomes difficult to trace the actual dealings that were prescribed by the scrolls it is not so difficult to determine their overall lasting effect - World War Two. The underscoring effect little noted by conventional non-cabalist historians is that of the succession of the White Lodge Leadership. Following the folk legends through a contradictory maze of suggested innuendo, hear-say, and outright lies one stumbles upon the beginnings of the ultimate mindfuck ever conceived by a mere mortal. Yes, its true that the Ancients have been pulling the wool over our eyes and leading us down darkened tunnels since the frightful crash landing of our ancestors, but this is the first noted time that a mere humanoid was arrogant enough to strive toward this end. Yet, this minor digression is unfounded just

yet, for we were considering the rather far reaching complications so brought about by more integral organizations than that of the Swing-out Cabal.

Looking back to the founding of this small exclusive sect one will find behind it two somewhat dull illuminaries namely Felix VanDernooven and Otto Slouiberrie, two extremely wealthy rural industrialists fond of secret subversive political stirring and little boy's buttocks - otherwise conservatives in the purest sense of the word. Regardless, they took it upon themselves after having been indoctrinated into the Lodge of The Dark Cloak by Geuseppi



He told the men that we would make such a scandal out of that his name would stick from one end of London to another.

DIMingo in 1921 to break from the mother group and begin meeting outside supervision. Their petty activities included at first simple chapbooks and revolutionary pamphlets, credited to the Brother Sodom and Sister Sadist Society For Preventive Birth Control. Eventually, their secret dealings were discovered by the leaders of the Dark Cloak who subverted the two for awhile by busing them in meaningless tasks of preparation for the coming elections. This quieted the two for a short time, but then later in 1932 the two began publishing and distributing the Journal of Shadow Whispering. Mainly aimed at school children between the ages of 5 and 12 the paper consisted of colouring pages and connect-the-dots revealing the highest form of perversion at the time. This time though the Dark Cloak opted rather than once again incorporate the two increasingly uncontrollable elements into sanctioned activities of the Lodge, expelled them. Which did not in the least seem to slow their activities, if anything it seemed to heighten them. The two now had a direct target to point their scorn, blame, and cast all sorts of accusations - the Lodge of the Dark Cloak. At once they published a pamphlet accusing the Lodge for all sorts of national problems - debt, unemployment, high inflation, crime, bad radio programs just about everything was attributed to the 'extremely powerful and extravagantly opulent members of this insidious secret organization - THE LODGE OF THE DARK CLOAK.' Within one year the national attention had become submerged in subversive covert skuldruggery, the mass media ran page after page of misinformation fueled by the head to the National Newspaper and the Chief Radio Producer - VanDernooven and Sloulberrie respectively. Ingenious as they were they were no match for the skillful organization and vast international influence of the

presses ran and the story broke, almost upsetting the time table thusly throwing the time balance indicator out of wack. But, the

population had grown tired of hearing of conspiracy, corruption, and suspected larceny; afterall they had been oversaturated and further socialized by the Lodge since the initial outbreak of fear and outrage in mid-1933. A few weeks after the first sightings of any sort of threat the two were eliminated. VanDernooven disappeared returning from work on the winter eve of December 6, 1934 and Sloulberrie was arrested in a brothel and hanged some months after on the somewhat trumped-up dual charge of rape and sodomy.

Although even with the two main dissenters out of circulation, a few clogs

had been stuck into the Great Plan. For one, they had focused considerable attention of some already suspicious power brokers in the US, who were either immune to the Lodge's powerful propaganda machine, not on the extensive payroll, or simply too open-minded to look away. Even though when the story made a somewhat limited appearance in the States, most of the population was too numbed by nerve gas and mind-washing radio transmissions to take any notice a few rather important and highly influential people did. And that was enough, just those few, to have seriously set off a crucial imbalance in the time balance. More than a few people suffered to the merciless hands of those who tried to set it right, having great effect in the course of future US history.

traditional Lodge, the fury of outrage and mass mobilization was thwarted only by a huge propaganda flood controlled by the Lodge under the direct supervision of the Master. By the end of 1933, the furor and fingerpointing had been broken down to just a few radical paranoids submerged on the fringes of the culture. VanDernooven and Sloulberrie almost broken financially and spiritually by this, decided to play their last ace. They would expose the Great Plan of which they had played a minor role in designing. They planned to fully uncover the

Wheeled Program. Which in essence set the stages for the rise of appeasement which would facilitate this little nut roll the White Lodge had positioned in Germany. So the

He began drolly, "Her drawn sunken features cryptically sought for recognition from the dark looming figures of her lover, now perched almost on top of her frail wiry body. 'Speak no more of the doings and deeds of this night,' hissed an ethereal voice, not that of her lover. A trembling lurid flash accompanied by a swift flushing of movement, a telling sign that the two were alone again. The burning demand swept over their poised bodies, almost pre-positioned by some invisible hand excitedly arranging the outcome of a toy soldier's mock fray. Hours turned to minutes and time flew as it had now drained molasses only a turn of a corner ago. The two lost, in the clutches of anxious passion, fed the beast through the expression of this plight. Sensuous moans intertwined with phobic tears as the two twisted a reality out of some creature's sick perversion. Outside the damp chamber there crept an arbitration, a seeping wound of murderous humanity. The disfigurement waxed and waned through the hallowed halls of its Keeper's ruined palace. Reigning knowledge of nothing while constantly absorbing all that went on. Welts from last night's flogging still stung and its shirt painfully stuck to its frightfully draining, gruesome hide. The mind, a collaborated mush, while the body a powerful yet pleasureless drooling innoramality. Knocking about in the hall distracted the attention of the beast only a split second, enough time for him to miss the pinnacle. The end game beginning a fury not witnessed by any living creature. The insane tyrant whipped and flailed and cast about in such torrid anguish unknowingly slaying the two captives in the most cruelly violent manner so that the room forever after would be discolored by their gore."

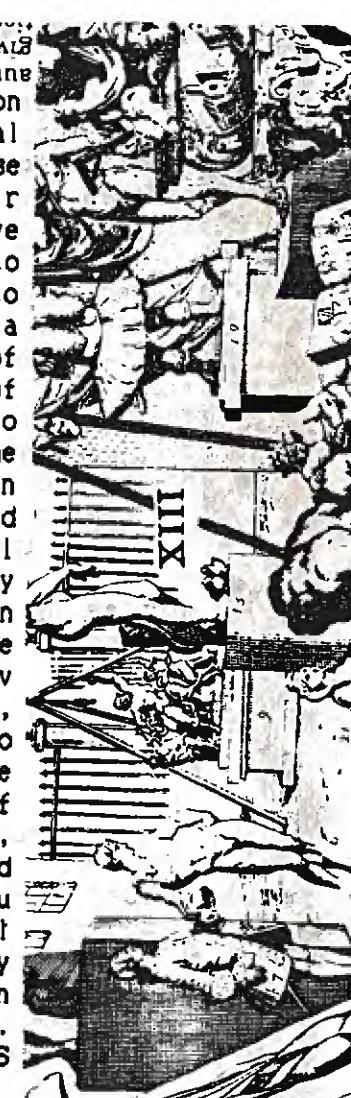
He paused allowing for the proper effect finally continuing,

"The dreamstuff of fables and legends that is. Passed on down the heredity line to perpetuate a common familiar evil that has walked right along side the progression of this people. Based probably on some insidious person or more likely a composite of a few somewhat marginal evil folk - a vile concoction their deeds, but grounded no more in truth than along that fine line." He exhaled the haze settling slowly on the table top. He determinedly reached for the small cup of mocca which had long since been warm. His eyes beads of dark marble, almost wholly - the lack of white stuck her then as she restlessly searched for something other than his strangely particular face to occupy her gaze. There sat over in the far corner hidden by a newspaper of some foreign name, a young attractive man, she guessed to be about twenty-three, but then she was terrible at that sort of thing. A lungy chortle cut the silence, as the overweight bus boy scurried past. The gods are not happy, she thought twisting a lock of her hair between two long fingers. The sun was setting tonight in the north.

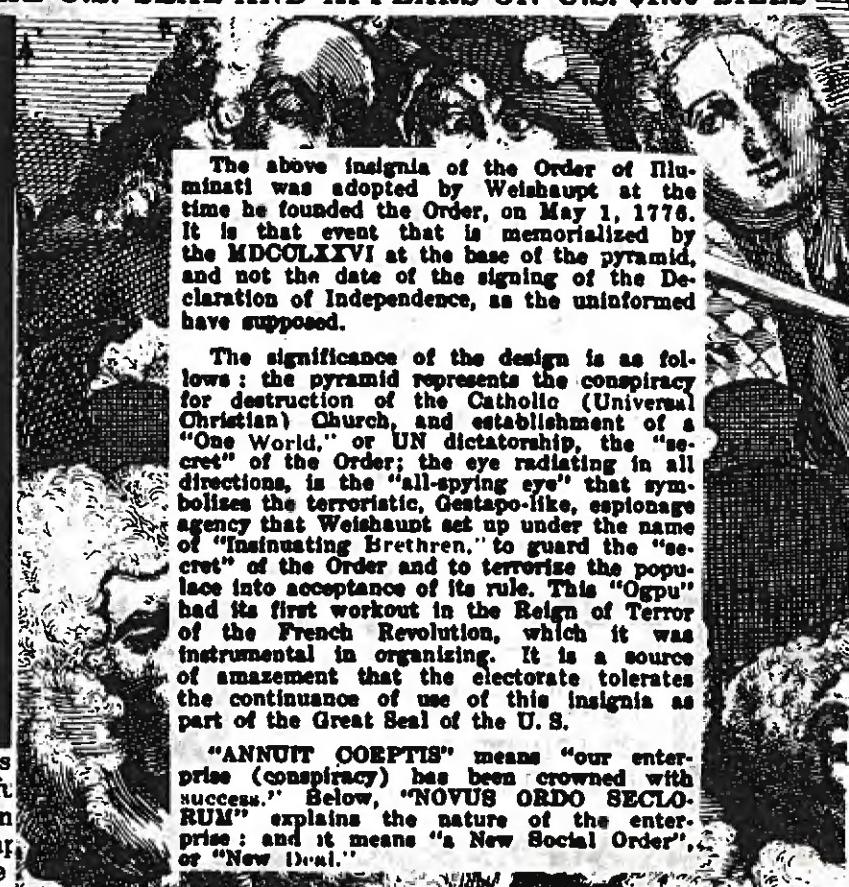
INDITMENTS, WARRENTS,  
SUBPOEANS CARE OF  
Hector Redbaron,  
2622 PRINCETON ROAD  
CLEVELAND HEIGHTS, OHIO

4 4 1 1 8

Rite Now. turn to thee page, thee centerfold, if you will. thee won that turns you to mushy pootie. thee won that you enjoy with thee carnal pleasures of adam towarded eve. you can sing down moses you can praise thee beast of lore you can just dew it. gods, nay elementals, turn their backs to you but persistence is not a virtue here. we who have culminated your worst fear, anticipating thee downfall of youth into this line of thinkings. thee numbers are arranged and you have yet to give them your whole. a fool may have been inbred once a milliuem but a sucker can onlee suck once. fall lo thee slick prerepetitive line of thinkings...you fall lo thee natural oder which is simply a hoax of grand design, you nos this and laugh still along side the demon who created it such. a final beat missing, the linear notes written by some main-squeeze blue suited father dowling type - maybe thee great hitman his self bob larson? - nonetheless thee answers to bob's blowing wind question is hidden in nell's book of thee dead page neo-pagan. albut, i leaf you puzzled? silly mortal the quest for virginal justice begun by saint b/f is won of vain expectations, listen to won who had traveled in thee footfallings to a fault. there was not a tribunal pact with thee druids. they fell bye themselves. no won foresake them, they left ov they own accord. back to the plight of your petty intellect. brutish, perhaps, yet woefully inspired - eye push you out ov thee light into thee illumination [sic]. fall lo thee lojick, man created thee substance ingested creating thus, thee bestial profit who spit in thee flight of freedumb and traditional law to create a myth based in non-proven fable, thee sad outcum - you bent down sucking in magickal proportions and whispering thee dead lies created souly to push you aside, leafing you dead. cries ov proof cum running down like so much wasted jism, stillt your petty theology is easily undermined for the foundation is loosely lain by people like me. eye am thee living proof ov all this. belief in me shall bee the hole in the law. lie is thee law. lies under bill. BELIEF IN ME SHALL BEE THEE HOLE IN THEE LAW! LIE IS THEE LAW! LIES UNDER BILL!



### INSIGNIA OF THE ORDER OF ILLUMINATI WHICH IS THE REVERSE OF THE U.S. SEAL AND APPEARS ON U.S. \$1.00 BILLS



The above insignia of the Order of Illuminati was adopted by Weishaupt at the time he founded the Order, on May 1, 1776. It is that event that is memorialized by the MDCCLXXVI at the base of the pyramid, and not the date of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, as the uninformed have supposed.

The significance of the design is as follows: the pyramid represents the conspiracy for destruction of the Catholic (Universal Christian) Church, and establishment of a "One World," or UN dictatorship, the "secret" of the Order; the eye radiating in all directions, is the "all-spying eye" that symbolizes the terroristic, Gestapo-like, espionage agency that Weishaupt set up under the name of "Infiltrating Brethren," to guard the "secret" of the Order and to terrorize the populace into acceptance of its rule. This "Ogpu" had its first workout in the Reign of Terror of the French Revolution, which it was instrumental in organizing. It is a source of amazement that the electorate tolerates the continuance of use of this insignia as part of the Great Seal of the U. S.

"ANNUIT COEPTIS" means "our enterprise (conspiracy) has been crowned with success." Below, "NOVUS ORDO SECOLI-RUM" explains the nature of the enterprise: and it means "a New Social Order", or "New Deal."

een wonderfully and gloriously in Proverbs, was ins  
pired by it **Company of Undertakers** onderfu  
od's truth. What is the meaning of wisdom? years ago. Perha  
ster, who is probably the best billions of people  
the centuries multi

# RED EYE

## JOURNAL

Vol. 1

No. 2



"OYE JOSÉ"

POR JAIMITO

OYE JOSÉ ¿DÓNDE VAS CON ESA PISTOLA  
EN TU MANO? VOY A FUSILAR A MI  
MUJER, ME HIZO CORNUJO. OYE JOSÉ,  
ME DICEN QUE FUSILASTE A TU MUJER.  
SÍ, LA FUSILE. FUI Y LA ENTERRÉ.  
OYE JOSÉ ¿AHORA DÓNDE VAS A Huir?  
VOY BAJANDO AL SUR, DONDE PUEDO  
SER LIBRE. ME VOY ADELANTANDO A  
MÉJICO, EL VERDUGO NO ME VA A ENLAZAR...



Fuchs Mark 1390 SW 50th Pl 665  
 Fuchs Marvin 6904 SW 88th St 665-  
 Fuchs Megga 210 1/2nd St 948-65  
 Fuchs Melvin R 10295 Collins Av Bal Harbor 866-541  
 Fuchs Michael 220 Washington Av MB 538-4142  
 Fuchs Michelle 175 NE 132nd Ter 4M 685-2712  
 Fuchs Michelle 452 NE 210th Circle Ter 653-9126  
 Fuchs Paul David 1039 SW 50th Pl 667-6388  
 Fuchs Pauline Mrs 1100 West Av MB 672-2762  
 Fuchs Peter P 5932 NE 6th Av 759-1870  
 Fuchs R 19800 NE 17th Av 931-7888  
 Fuchs Richard W

26601 SW 185th Av Homestead Cl 247-2170  
 Fuchs Robert 7601 E Treasure Dr N Bay Av 861-8805  
 Fuchs S A 10295 Collins Av Bal Harbor 861-8567  
 Fuchs Sam 4101 Pine Tree Dr VG 538-6982  
 Fuchs Samuel 65 NE 202nd Ter 652-8622  
 Fuchs Sol 251 174th St 931-7119  
 Fuchs Stanley 653-6925  
 Fuchs Stanley 1040 NE 180th Ter 4M 654-2815  
 Fuchs T 10390 SW 50th Pl 667-6388  
 Fuchs Theodore 8592 NE 8th Av 756-5419  
 Fuchs Veronica P 5732 NE 6th Av 751-2997  
 Fuchs W W 610 Cara Way CG 445-2294  
 Fuchs William & Elizabeth 2980 Point East Dr 935-271  
 Willy 4925 Collins Av MB  
 Abrahams 251 174th St  
 man Julius L 1551 NE Miami Gardens  
 Anna Harold L 4801 NW 9th

## THE GOOD SON

The sidewalk says "SATAN" in quaint, light blue letters like a privileged baby boy's nursery. I walk home from the train, next to Carter park, and watch five or six little boys huddled under the bicycle path embankment. One says, "Jerry."

"SUCKS DICK!" the rest chime in, perfectly coordinated. I laugh.

"Jerry-"

"SUCKS DICK! ! ! " Some people in the park start whooping and giggling.

"Jerry- " he keeps chanting and begins to jump up and down to the rhythm in a furious dance.

"SUCKS DICK!" Now some in the park have taken up the chorus. I look over at them and see a skinny, stooped boy in a yellow-and-blue striped shirt, jeans, and abnormally thick eyeglasses drag his beat-up sneakers through the dirt. He moves away from the crowd, tired. I presume this is Jerry-

"SUCKS DICK! ! ! " The whole park screams with laughter and shouting. Jerry crosses the street and enters one of the anonymous project buildings across from the park. The last I see of him is framed by the reflection, in his thick lenses, of the dropping, late-afternoon sun; he starts up the second flight of stairs, looking back at the people in the park. I notice they're not paying attention to him anymore- they have apparently forgotten the whole thing.

Jerry pulls the string and key necklace off and unlocks the door to his apartment. He opens the door and sees the usual: dark, except for the blue haze of a television set. As his eyes adjust, he steps inside and sees the dim light that falls on the form of his father, sitting in the couch, beer in hand, wearing an undershirt and a pair of boxers to cover his sagging corpus. The usual.

His father looks down at Jerry, knowing the mother will not come home from work until well past seven. *The kid's getting good at it, too,* thought the father. Doesn't even choke anymore.

That night Jerry sucked dick.

BEEP!

"Hello, this is Ted Hornacker. I'm not able to come to the phone right now, but if you leave your name and number at the sound of the tone, I'll be happy to get back to you as soon as possible." So the machine said as Ted walked into his apartment, setting his keys, coat, and briefcase down on the black leather sofa. The sun was barely down through his sliding glass door; Ted turned on the sleek halogen lamp and it shone on the white ceiling, lighting the living room. He ran a hand through his hair and let out a sigh. *Another day shot down.* He listened as the machine spoke- now in a woman's voice:

" Uh, hi. Ted? This is Julie . . . you know, from Tuesday night? At Barnaby's." The pleading, whiny tone of her voice made Ted smile a little smile as he sat back in the couch and sighed again. "I was wondering if we could maybe get together. Again. You know, dinner, maybe some drinks or something. Give me a call or something, my number's eight five four o two one three . . . but I guess you know that." She paused, then with a nervous burst, "Well, bye!" The machine clicked off and Ted got up to heat himself a slice of pizza.

He had to eat and get dressed quickly; Leah tonight. His underwear shifted softly. *Oh Julie, you dry little cunt, he thought, why can't you and your sisters understand that these nights are strictly one of a kind! Don't you know? It's half the fun!*

The phone rang, then cut off as the machine clicked on. Again. Ted: "Hello, this is Ted Hornacker. I'm not able to come to the phone right now- " *Ah! The armies of the world should have such a defense,* he told himself, then laughed aloud, alone. Beyond the windows, night had come.

He listened to the machine. It was someone named Debbie; she had been Monday, but he didn't remember.

Ted's answering machine was an Elsie Phone-Mate. It featured several luxury functions -the most of important was an on-line playback so that Ted could listen to his messages when he was away from home- but was still an ordinary answering machine. His buddies were all accustomed to enduring the machine every time they called and joked with him that it was the only thing he'd ever spent more than two nights with. Except for his bed. As Ted stepped into his dark apartment after an especially rare "Saturday Night Strike Out", the only light in the room was the small, glowing red bulb of the machine; the phone rang, there was a click, and the red light began flashing slowly. It was so familiar. He heard himself, there was a beep, then the voice of an unknown woman. It was calm and measured, sterile, a voice so far from the girls Ted usually picked up that he furrowed his brow and turned towards the machine. He stared at the red light turn on and off in the dark. "Hello Ted, this is Elsie."

*Elsie?* his mind spit out. *Who the fuck was Elsie?* In his confusion, he could only think of a matronly white animal being milked. Ted was confounded.

"How are you? How did it go tonight?" the voice in the machine asked politely. There was a pause. Ted furrowed his brow even further, then opened his eyes wide as he realized that the machine was waiting for an answer. *What the fuck?* Ted asked himself; he felt his heartbeat quickening and a trembling come from the elbows down into his arms. He became afraid. *What the fuck is this?* The machine was still waiting for an answer. *Oh fuck what the fuck what the fuck what the fuck IS this?*

"Don't you feel like talking, Ted? Oh, I know you're here." Elsie's words began to sound familiar. They began pleading, "Ted, talk to me . . . please . . . I'm not like the rest of them . . . am I, Ted? I'm not like the rest of them . . . I know I mean more to you than any of those—" and with some disdain, "-girls. Am I, Ted?" Ted stumbled backwards, away from the machine, and sat in a wiry chair at a the dinner table. He never used it.

The machine became more and more desperate. It sobbed, "Please speak to me, Ted . . . don't leave me alone . . . just . . . please, let me hear your voice . . . Ted . . . I . . . I love you, Ted." Elsie's voice broke and shifted into hyperventilated cries, moans, and sobs.

"Holy shit," whispered Ted, shaking uncontrollably in abject terror.

"Is that you, Ted? Oh, Ted!" Intense glee flowed through the machine's voice. "Oh, Ted! You're here! I'm sooooooo glad! You gave me such a scare!"

Before he knew what he was doing, Ted was up. For a shocked second, he stood and stared at the machine with wild eyes. Then he was gone, rushing out the door, down four flights of stairs, through the lobby, and into the winter streets. He had no keys or coat; his wallet, however, was still in his pocket. "That'll be enough," he said to the night air.

*Macy's opens at seven. Only six more hours- I can wait that long. No problem. The town that doesn't sleep, right? Yes. Whatever the hell's going on, it'll be taken care of. A new machine'll do it. Go in, buy the thing, and hook it up to . . . the old machine. Yeah. No problem. Ha! I answer no messages! None. I can filter anybody . . . His mind wrapped itself around the image, nestled it warm inside himself as he walked along the snow covered sidewalks, mumbling to himself.*

He put his last quarter in and dialed Mom's number. She won't believe this, he thought. For a while there I thought I was going nuts. He heard it ring: "Hello, this is Janice Hornacker. I'm not able to come to the phone right now, but if you leave your name and number at the sound of the tone, I'll be glad to get back to you as soon as possible."

He never made it back home.

Elsie lost a lover and Janice lost a son: Ted froze to death in a shop doorway in front of Macy's.



## I HATE EVERYTHING

There was once a sad, toothless old man born without testicles. Walking in the prairie, this toothless testicleless bag of misery was struck by a sudden all-powerful distaste for his environment.

He glared at a shrub, one of many scattered throughout the prairie. He wished the shrub wasn't there- it annoyed him, which is of course perfectly understandable. Who can blame him? The miraculous part is that this man was the just the slightest bit . . . well, lonesome. And deranged. When he spoke to the shrub, saying, "I hate you, shrub! Go away," the shrub went away. I disappeared into nothingness, not unlike a person being "trans-ported" on Star Trek.

"Oh shit," said the man whose name, incidentally, was Juniper. He looked around, amazed, filling himself with grim pride and pleasure. "Tree," he shouted, "get the fuck outta here!" The tree, naturally, was no more. He walked along, dismissing everything he came across as utter shit and entirely worthless, henceforth sending it all away by dissolving it into thin air. Soon, he found that his reach extended far beyond his immediate field of vision. "Sky, make yourself scarce," he shouted, and there followed an absolute, impenetrable darkness.

"FUCK IT!" he finally shrieked (and I mean finally). "I want it ALL gone! I HATE EVERYTHING!!!" He felt a slight rumble as all sensation left his once-inadequate body. He couldn't feel the ground under his feet; when he thought of reaching down to feel himself, there weren't any hands to feel with, much less any flesh to be felt.

Eventually, Juniper became disgusted with the nothingness he had created and thought, *No lips to speak, Juniper- you're not even a man now. Well, you never were . . . I hate the nothingness. Go away . . . please!* He then realized that the nothingness was the only thing he couldn't make disappear. That was

THE END

# THE DEATH OF MORRISSEY



"People pay to see others believe in themselves . . . on stage, in the midst of rock 'n' roll, many things happen and anything can happen, whether people come as voyeurs or come to submit to the moment."

-Kim Gordon

"I'm hoping for an early death . . ."

-The Singer



The farewell note had been written. The blood vessels in Edward's eyes flared- he hadn't slept in more days than he could remember. He had stolen the car, slaughtered the pale bobby, and thus procured the gun. He had driven to Kilburn, shoved his way through the crowd to the steel double-doors, then shoved his way through another crowd into the auditorium- suspicious glances at his sweating, twitch-laden face, but no metal detector. Now Edward was ready to do his god a favor.

He stood facing the stage, pressed against the three layers of fanatics that lay between himself and the barrier with steadily increasing pressure. There was the stage, and he simply bowed his head respectfully (there was no room to kneel). He stood for three hours, waiting, trembling, and sweating. His hands were in his pockets, the right clinching and unclenching his sweaty flesh around the gun's handle in a steady rhythmic motion. He took in the crowd's foul smell. Then it was time.

Entrance music played at a low volume over the monitors, a slow classical piece as tragic and grim as Edward's resolve; he couldn't recognize it. The ministers walked onto the stage with their instruments and the crowd let out a roar that drowned out the classical music.

Edward twitched again. As the guitarist stooped down to connect a plug and check his equipment, the Singer stepped out from behind the huge, brilliant white sheets that covered the back of the stage. He stepped up to the

microphone stand wearing jeans and a polka-dotted dress shirt. He kept His head bowed as His hand reached up and caressed the microphone with long white fingers. He leaned the stand toward his face and mumbled a hello. The crowd cheered maniacally; many wept. The drummer tapped a three-count on his high-hat, and the monitors blared out a fast rendition of the latest hit- there was even a video for it in the States.

There was a sudden rush forward that crushed Edward between the fanatics in front of and behind him. In the recoil, he pulled the pistol out of his pocket and held it against his stomach. He watched the Singer's closed eyes and moving lips. He watched the Singer jerk His head back in spastic, ecstatic reverie. Edward raised the arm which held the gun over the heads of the crowd and heard a couple of fanatics behind him let out insignificant shrieks; the wall of sound coming from the monitors drowned them out. He took a last look at the Singer and saw the Singer look back at him, twist His sacred mouth into a smile, and spread His arms out. He was still holding the top of the microphone stand with His left hand, waiting and forever holy. Edward's trembling hand stilled itself and his face broke out into a beaming smile of relief. He pulled the trigger and watched another beautiful spasm rock the body of the Singer.

He smiled with relief even as the fanatics pulled his body apart, bathing themselves in the blood of the martyr and the apostle who was himself a martyr.



I wonder if other people hear voices in their heads? I certainly do. I can hear one now . . . It's saying: "I wonder if other people hear voices in their heads? I certainly do."

**WANTED FOR TRADE, COPY, OR LOAN:** Survival Research Laboratories videos or articles; Kenneth Anger movies on video; anything even remotely related to Morrissey esp. a collection of all his videos- except boring teeny bopper mag shit; any books, movies, or zines anyone cares enough to share with me. Hoodwink zine no. 5 w/ Paul Weinman, Jello Biafra, and much more available now for .75¢ ppd. All correspondence to: 200 SE 15 Rd. #16D Miami, FL 33129 USA. Thanks.

# PROM WHORE:

## A Rejection of the Projection of Post-Virginal Guilt



Welcome to an adventurous coming-of-age ritual. It is another sort of high school graduation, an American rite of passage. This is your fully-sanctioned introduction to institutionalized sex. Ceremony. Tradition. The cum watering and dripping is your diploma. Congratulations.

The woman on the street is a whore. The flesh and mind are obviously in stock. The dignity and the humanity are well-hidden in a backroom. Her mystery is infinite. The whore never sinks low enough to pay for her sexual fantasies with money. She sells her body no more and no less than the wretches who drag their corpses to the offices and factories of the world, day in-day out. The whore is never as pathetic as those who pay- not to mention those who only wish to pay. She

dresses her part according to the modern aesthetic; her costume is a sign posted to the world: FOR SALE.

The prom boy pays for the limousine, the tickets, the booze, and -most importantly- the classy hotel room. A snapshot, a don't-do-anything-we-wouldn't-do, and a wink from the parents send the initiates on their way.

The only thing the prom girl has to take care of is her costume. She is like a storefront with every single item in its inventory on display in the window.

She says, "I don't know. I feel like I owe him so much. *He's paying for everything!* I guess I should go to the hotel with him or whatever." SOLD.

"Indignation at the hypocritical vanity of proper wives and at the fraud of the just and open society . . . There was more happiness in finding the remains of a beautifully woven pattern among castaway rags than in finding spatters and stains on a wall proclaimed immaculate . . . Sometimes in the depths of corruption flowers of human sympathy and fruits of perfumed tears are to be found and gathered."

-from "Bokuto Kidan" by Kafu



Figure A: The Virgin.



Figure B: A Whore.



Figure C: Mother.

A forgotten trend in Egyptology, which all 'serious' archaeologists suspiciously lost respect for and interest in in 1937 A.D. (1), deals with the ancients' experiments in sound recording. There was a time previous to this unexplained cutoff date when the unearthed rudimentary recording contraptions would regularly be put on display in various European and United States museums. During this period, small intellectual/socialite groups would converge upon these displays, or even pay hefty sums of money to host the machines in their own enormous mansions. The Egyptologists who supplied these dusty fetishes were shunned by the academic establishment for pandering to the sensationalist tastes of their nouveau riche patrons, but could always be assured of a hefty tip from the latter, and thus, cared little for the opinions of the former (2). Eventually, though, some other form of mysticism became all the rage, and many of the machines were lost or given to aging museum curators who thought that they were jewelry boxes or foot stools, and placed them onto shelves in unfrequented storage rooms.

The fact is that a small core group of Egyptologists did concentrate their labor and studies on this fascinating phenomenon. Their works, shunned by the academic establishments of the time, were rarely published, and those that were printed are long out of print. It was the unanimous but decidedly unpopular conclusions that many pharaohs did indeed possess working recording devices. The sound quality was naturally poor, and most recordings had to be repeated over and over until the recorder picked them up satisfactorily. They were rather compact, ranging from 3' by

3' by 3' to 10' by 10' by 5'. The building materials were imported from far and wide. Sadly, the constructions cannot be duplicated today because several of the crucial elements were various juices of now extinct fruits and plants, and organic fluids secreted by equally vanished animals. However, Professor Eccle Ban Anna of Brazil is currently attempting to approximate the recipe with avocado juice, the pituitary secretions of the American least chipmunk, and fillings from the fossilized remains of the beak of his native country's extinct giant toucan.

As far as we can tell from the work of the few people who studied this phenomenon, the ancient Egyptians' obsession with the afterlife led many of them to have a special "court inventor" (3) whose job it usually was to work on contraptions that could somehow aid or ease the transition into the afterlife. This entire process was, of course, shrouded in myth and superstition. Every pharaoh had his own theory on the afterlife. For this reason, the variety of machines that have been found represent separate attempts to make the same machine for different purposes.

One popular belief, held by two or three different pharaohs, was that a mummy, upon awakening on the "other side", would sometimes forget who it was, lose touch with the pharaohs' soul. This suspicion was probably fueled by a fear that the rather strong embalming fluid would "wash away" the memories of the body. The pharaohs insured their post-death meetings with whatever assorted sets of gods, demi-gods and demons they planned on meeting by pre-recording their side of the conversations. Whether this was so the mummy could be reminded of its purpose and

(1) 'I have had just about bloody enough of this Ancient Egyptian sound recording bosh,' Lord Pumphrey Radish Nottingham, article in The Royal British Archaeologists Society and Parcheesi Club Journal, 1937.

(2) One such upstart, Dr. Miguel Arroz Caliente of Madrid's Universidad National Quijote de Hierda penned this entry in his 1911 diary:

'...to hell with those old farts at the academy, kissing their hairy buttocks will further neither my progress nor that of the study of Ancient Egypt. However, the ten thousand peso check that Princess Guglianna has passed on to me in exchange for that bone box I found lying in the anteroom of Pharaoh Tatatsikh's tomb (after old professor Russi had ransacked it for those stupid clay figures he finds so fascinating) will have quite the opposite effect. I will live like a king for the next decade, and will decidedly finance myself on a number of trips to that hot land. And I must note that Princess Guglianna

memorize the words in what must have certainly been a somewhat dazed state (called the "Dictaphone" function), or use the voice to replace its own (referred to as the "Leepseenc" function), no one was sure.

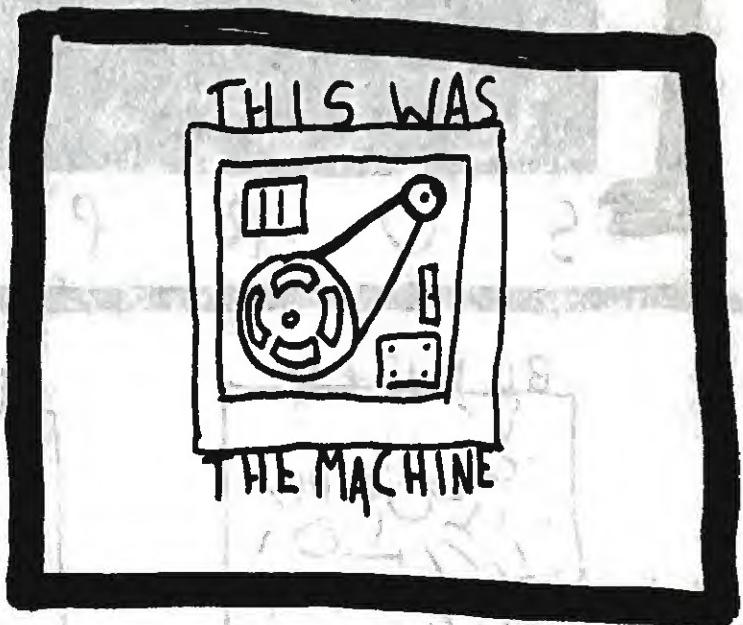
A later offshoot of this line of thinking was carried on by Pharaoh En Sicklopea, whose beliefs represented the "rebirth" of the mummy into the afterlife as enormously confusing and numbing. For this reason, he commissioned a plethora of scientists and philosophers to record the basic facts about the universe to give the mummy some grounding.

Another ancient incident that has been discovered deals with a renegade runaway slave who stole one of the machines and used it to record a forbidden ceremony in which fifteen eunuch were possessed by a demon god, and all simultaneously spoke blasphemies and curses for nine hours. The resourceful slave, named Mer Shell Stak, many years later led an army to battle against the pharaoh who had formerly enslaved him. Mer Shell Stak's army was led by an enormous amplifier that he built himself. Placed on gigantic roller wheels, this loudspeaker won him the battle in the first recorded instance of mechanically aided psychological warfare.

No one ever thought to record music. But there wasn't much to record. Most instruments had a scale of about three notes, not allowing for much variety (4).

## MODERN

## HIEROGLYPHS?

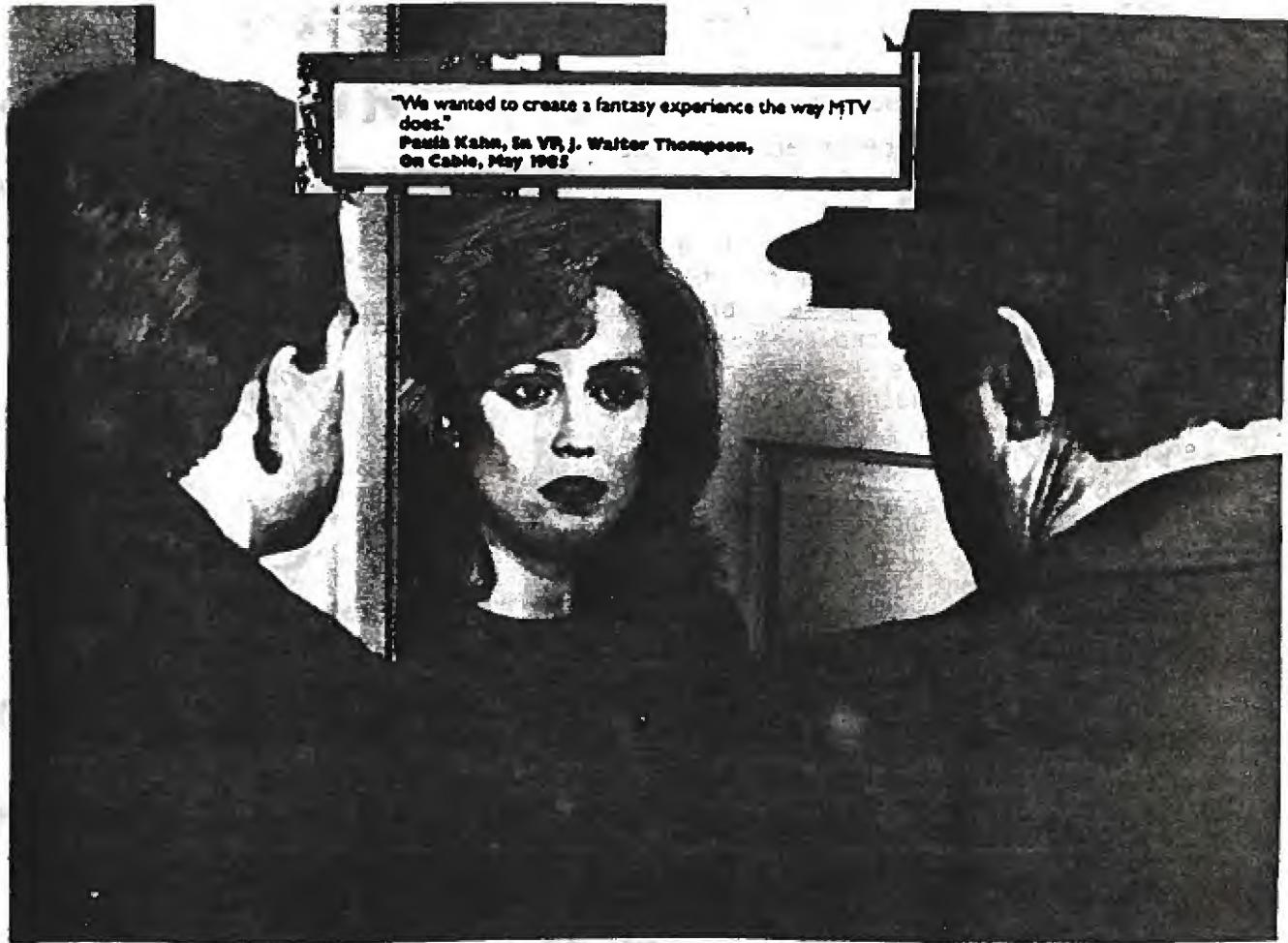


was looking quite ravishing tonight in her new evening gown, I caught her looking at me a number of times. Frankly, her company is far more enticing than that of flatulent old Russi...!"

(3) The German professor Ehrich Von Gludenshpatt tells us in his book "Das Egyptrecorden Soundenmachinen" (Zillitomen Press, 1909) that one such inventor was killed for shirking his spiritually aligned assignment and making a machine most like our modern coffeemakers, except for the salient fact that the only available bean was the fruit of the papyrus tree. The resulting drink taste not unlike our modern day kitchen cleansing fluids. The enraged pharaoh beheaded him immediately after tasting the rancid concoction.

(4) "Anciente Egypto Muzzcall! Importancce, Capiche?", written in 1890 by Italy's Francisco Ellise Marcuzzi, has postulated that it was on one of these rudimentary instruments that the old standard "Mary Had a Little Lamb" was first played; ironically, he notes, the tune originally accompanied the sacrifice of livestock for divining purposes.

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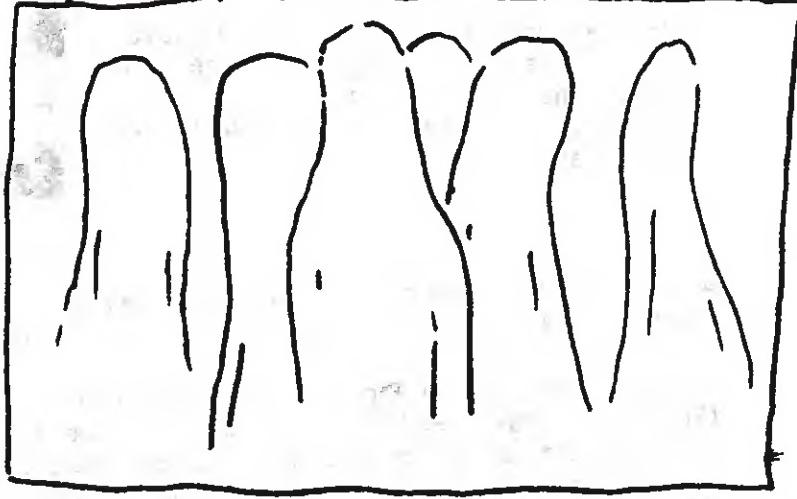
S U R P R I S E D ?

BLINDED



BY THE LIGHTS

I WANT IN.



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"...and so the three ascended upon the throne. Fashioning a kingdom out of the mudpits of despair, painstakingly modeling a rule based in an apostate tradition, promoting archaic ideals while catering to the sheer brilliance of the synchronicity of the universe. Once again the plebs rose from their knees...the new order ingrained..."

## Wonder Bread Church

The entire world is actually controlled by two old white men who meet every week at Dunkin Donuts to secretly plan the week's events.



Top American and Soviet officials often gather to watch American Gladiators and to trade pornographic pictures of Marsha Brady.

